# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.


Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.


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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

NO man, says Lord Chesterfield, is ridiculous in the character which Nature intended him to represent; he becomes so, only when he assumes a part to which his disposition of mind is not adapted. The remark will be found universally correct. The simplicity of the ignorant never excites our contempt, but when it is clothed in vanity; the lowest and most insignificant of men may inspire a sentiment of pity, but will never be despised if he walk in the path of humility; and even the bold and daring villain who holds to the light the purposes of his soul, creates an opinion far less degrading to humanity than the assassin whose face is decked in smiles. Still, we are ever unwilling to display the impression stamped on us by the hand of Nature, and are always anxious to assume a character widely different from that which has been allotted to us.

When the god of mirth was made the arbiter, to decide upon the performances of his fellow deities, he pronounced man to be the worst, because he had not a window in his breast, through which the secrets of his heart might appear, and by means of which the sincerity of his professions might be known. Far different from their present condition would mankind have been, had the advice of Momus been pursued, and few, very few of us indeed, would have been grateful for the change. On the contrary, it seems rather to be our desire to throw a veil over the only index that exists, for our earliest and our continued efforts are made to conceal the real motives and impulses of the heart. Else why does old age so often endeavour to display the levity, and to participate in the ill-timed joys of youth? Why does Poverty enrobe itself in tinsel and feed upon the fancied plaudits of an undiscerning world? Why does Ignorance or Folly assume the cloak of Wisdom, which every wind can throw aside, and display the deficiencies within? How amiable was that philosopher whose only wish was to know the situation for which the gods had intended him, that so, he might make every exertion in his power to further their designs!*

Discontent is a powerful, frequently a useful principle of action. But the love of change, however strong, will not account for our eternal desires to appear that which we are not: for it would rather impel us to destroy the seeds of vice, which Nature has implanted or Habit generated in our minds, and not to gloss over the surface with a flimsy colouring while the

* Epictetus.

core remains unsound. Nor can this propensity be ascribed to pride or shame; for pride and shame have some good end in view; either the support of conscious worth, or contrition and penitence for guilt. It is a frailty incident to our nature; a frailty latent during the early periods of infancy, but which *grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength;* a frailty which increases in proportion to the encouragement it receives, and finding its sanction in the example of thousands, and fortunate perhaps in its first attempts, destroys at length the perception even of its possessour himself. But it is a frailty which the bravest may be proud to conquer, and the wisest to subdue.

From the lips of Candour, persuasion always flows, and the ray of truth that illumines the countenance of Sincerity, surpasses all the lustre which a reason the most refined, and a sophistry the most impenetrable, can bestow. It is the elegance of the Athenian temple, compared with the grand yet terrifick splendour of the Gothick dome; it is the bewitching smile of native beauty, contrasted with the studied air of high-born pride: the last we may admire, but the former only can we love.

The rules of conduct prescribed by good breeding are not incompatible with the purest sincerity. The richest jewel is void of beauty until the hand of Art remove the dulness with which, by nature, it is encircled. Politeness as it not only calls into action the principles of goodness, but even in some degree contributes to their formation, may be regarded not merely as a dress for Virtue, but as among the most valuable of its constituent parts. It is the delicate medium through which Benevolence may be viewed to advantage. It is the polish which adorns and improves the substance. It is a qualification, which in its purity can be found, only in a benignant, an intelligent, a superiour mind.

Were I called upon to point out an example of merit completely unaffected, of *perfectly* modest unassuming worth, of candour undissembled, and sincerity unfeigned; I should shrink from the task; the annals of man present no such character; his very constitution forbids the possibility of its existence. But in the shades of the Grecian academy, in the retirement of her philosophers, I would select as the nearest to perfection, the instructor of Xenophon and Plato. Devested of the ridiculous misanthropy of the cynick; avoiding the frozen virtue of the Stoick, and despising the unmanly softness of the Epicurean, Socrates lived so pure a life that Nature, proud of being the mother of such a son, might exclaim, *this was a man.* Such a character we should *imitate* if we cannot *resemble;* and measuring our desires by the line of piety and wisdom, let us say with Plautus,

Proximum quod sit bono, quodque a malo longissime,
Id volo esse.

CAPTIVI. ACTUS 2, S. 2.

SALADIN.

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*For The Port Folio.*

## WANT OF PATRONAGE

*The principal Cause of the Slow Progress*

## OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

*AN ORATION,*

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones*

MART.

(*Continued.*)

In a republick, luxury and corruption of morals are said to be the invariable precursors of national dissolution; it is no less true that the perversion of national taste, and the disrelish for the solid attainments of science, evince a degeneracy in learning, morals, and religion. The polite authour of the Travels of Cyrus,* describing the state of the Medes when their empire was declining, gives a lively picture of the literary corrup-

* Travels of Cyrus by the Chevalier Ramsay, p. 5.

tion which then prevailed. "Solid knowledge was looked upon as contrary to delicacy of manners; agreeable trifles, fine-spun thoughts, and sallies of imagination, were the only kinds of wit admired there: no sort of writing pleased but amusing fictions, where a perpetual succession of events surprised by their variety, without improving the understanding or ennobling the heart."

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?"

But however inimical to the encouragement of learning, may be those causes which have been mentioned, still there is another which is no less hurtful in its operations; I mean the want of respect so general among us for the clergy. So distinguished has this order of men been in every age, as the patrons and supporters of science, that it may safely be assumed as an axiom that literature will never flourish but in those countries where there is a learned clergy; and never will there be a learned clergy, unless they are regarded with reverence and supported with dignity.

Among the many causes to which this disrespect is owing, there are three which perhaps are the most effectual: The growing corruption of the country; the exclusive attention of people to politicks; and the system of making the clergy entirely dependent upon the people.

Upon the first of these heads it is not necessary to enlarge; every day presents an example of the truth of it to our view. Vice never beholds with a friendly eye the grave monitor who censures and inveighs against it, and Vice is never too good to blacken and endeavour to reduce to its own level, the hand which constantly opposes it.

But with respect to the second, it is necessary to be more particular. In the science of government as well as in every other, truth and errour are too much blended together to be easily separated. Time, and study, and experience, are necessary correctly to distinguish and arrange them. Truth is not placed upon the surface; it modestly shuns the common eye, and must be sought before it can be found; in the strong language of South, "it lies too deep to be fetched up with the plough, and too close to be beaten out with the hammer." How then shall he who "fighteth with the heat of the furnace" and in whose ears the noise of the hammer and the anvil is continually heard; how shall he be able to direct the affairs of a state, and to decide what is useful and what is prejudicial? Such a supposition is inadmissible, because it is contrary to facts. To them I appeal for the proof of the assertion, when I say, that out of the whole American people, the will of nine-tenths is directed by that of the one remaining. The popular machine, though large and complicated, requires but a small force to move it. Every man of talents and address who assumes the character of a patriot, is able to inflame that jealousy of their superiours which the idea of an equality of rights ever produces in the minds of the vulgar. This narrow jealousy is the constant companion of exalted ignorance, because every man, however inferiour his talents, and however limited his information may be, fancies himself capable of directing the affairs of a nation, and consequently looks upon every man as a rival more or less dangerous in proportion to the extent of his abilities and learning.

And against no order of men has the power of demagogues been more forcibly directed than against the clergy. Every sinew has been exerted to shake the pillar which supports them. Their characters have been blackened, their fame aspersed, their failings magnified into vices, and their virtues degraded into petty gewgaws, with the glitter of which they endeavour to dazzle the publick eye, and hide the black deformity of their hearts.

From such a burden of calumnies, what heart is there that possesses the fine feelings of humanity, that will not shrink back with dread? Who will voluntarily become the figure "for

the hand of Scorn to point his finger at"? Who will consent to be slandered and reviled and blackened? But the answer is obvious. Either the man whose heart is callous to those feelings which could alone adorn it, or he who prefers the satisfaction which a consciousness of rectitude can give, before all the honours and all the triumphs which the full horn of popular applause can shower upon his head. Happily the sacred office of a priest is not yet so degraded, so sunk beneath a load of infamy, but that it can boast of many a brilliant luminary; yet how much is it to be feared that this number will continue to decrease, in proportion to the decrease of motives for embracing the profession.

But a third cause of the disrespect shown to the clergy, and one the more dangerous because from this the two which have been mentioned derive most of their power, arises from their extreme dependence upon the people. It is a trait, generally attached to the human character, that power, when it is exerted for the protection and maintenance of a dependent, is gratified in proportion to the submission of him whom it patronizes. And is not this the precise relation in which the clergy stand towards the people? And is not this the degradation to which they are compelled to stoop? Instead of being considered in the venerable and exalted station, which, as the embassadours of God to man, they have a right to claim, they are treated as the mere servants of the people, created at their pleasure, continued at their pleasure, and destroyed at their pleasure. They *hire a minister*, (such is the contemptuous and degrading language which they use) just as they would hire a day labourer; and if he do not perform his task to their satisfaction, if he do not adapt his doctrines, his words, his tones, his pronunciation to the fastidiosity of their taste, they turn him off again with as little ceremony. Skill in oratory has become too much the criterion of clerical excellence, and the inquiry is not so much whether the doctrines are sound, as whether the mode of delivering them is pleasing:

"Omnia enim Stolidi magis admirantur amantque
Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt;
Veraque constituunt, quæ belle tangere possunt
Aureis et lepido quæ sunt fucata sonore."*

It has been a favourite theme with protestants, ever since the Reformation, to declaim against the oppression and enormous power of the clergy. That the complaint against the church of Rome was too well founded, cannot be denied; but one extreme should be avoided as well as the other; and I question much whether the degradation of the clerical order to so low a state, will not give a much more fatal blow to the interests of religion and literature, than they ever received from its exaltation.

Such are the principal causes to which the disrespect for the character of the clergy may be attributed, and sufficient has been said concerning them, to exhibit lucid proof that while they exist, learning can never flourish. I come now to consider the second part of the inquiry: Whether learned men receive the emolument which will serve as an incentive to the acquisition of science.

"The wisdom of a learned man," says the son of Sirach, "cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise."† The truth of the remark is evident. He who contents himself with viewing the surface of things, will never arrive at the knowledge of the inside of them. Retirement and study, and consequently length of time, is necessary. He must devote his whole life to the pursuit, if he hope to explore the "penetralia rerum." It is idle then to believe that America will ever become a literary nation, unless some permanent establishment can be made for the support of the learned; and this can be

* Lucretius, Lib. 1, 642.

† Eccles. ch. 38. v. 24. The whole chapter is well worthy the attentive consideration of modern reformers.

effected only in two ways: either by the generosity of individuals, or the munificence of government.

But hard indeed would be the fate of learning, had it nothing to depend upon but the cold hand of individual patronage. Where is the man to be found who has bestowed competency upon a single literary character? Instances, it is true, may be named of the endowment of a professorship by an individual, but these have hitherto been rare, and are every day becoming still more so. If it be asked why individual patronage has decreased, the answer is ready, and has indeed been anticipated, since it arises from the same sources to which the want of respect for learned men has been traced. Were the motives of this kind of patronage developed, it would, I think, be found, that in nine instances out of ten, it proceeded from the ambition of transmitting an illustrious name to posterity. And who will expect to derive fame from the encouragement of that, which in the publick view, appears to be an object too inconsiderable to merit either its notice or patronage?

*(To be continued.)*

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MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As I observe you do admit poetry into your amusing paper, allow me to offer the follow poem to your acceptance: The tale in substance is similar to one related in prose by the authour of the ABBESS, at the beginning of the third volume.

PHILANTUS.

## SIR ELMER,

*A LEGENDARY TALE.*

"What means yon mould'ring heap of earth
Beneath yon blasted oak?
And what those piles of human bones
That whiten on the rock?

"Why does no shrub adorn the place
With vegetation green?
And why does every living thing
Avoid the dreary scene?"

"If thou wouldst know," the seer reply'd,
"The secret of the place,
Hither at midnight's solemn hour
Thy lonely steps retrace.

"And haply if within thy breast,
Undaunted courage glow,
To thee it may be given to trace
Its mystery of wo!"

"Wilt thou be there," the knight inquir'd,
"My wandering steps to guide?"
"To one alone the deed belongs!"
The reverend seer reply'd.

Pondering in awe, the silent youth
His former way return'd,
And much he marvell'd—and his heart
With sacred fervour burn'd.

Within a ruin'd abbey's tower
The interval he spent—
And forth he stray'd at dark midnight,
On bold adventure bent!

Thro' the dull night no favouring moon
Bestow'd a radiant gleam,
Nor sought one little star to kiss
Its shadow in the stream.

But thick and driving clouds obscure
The azure vault of heaven,
And thunder, in repeated peals,
Along its arch was driven.

Young Elmer plunged his quivering steel
Deep in his milk-white steed;
He sought to cross the barren heath
With more than usual speed.

But the blue lightning's arrowy flash
Flam'd right across his way,
And at his feet a rifted pine
In cumbrous ruin lay.

In vain Sir Elmer strove to guide
His wild affrighted horse,
For to the destin'd spot no skill
The trembling beast could force.

Yet all-undaunted Elmer leaves
His courser's panting sides;
And forward to the turfy mound
Advanc'd with hasty strides.

And now the flaming heavens appear
One dreadful sheet of fire,
Nearer the crashing thunder rolls,
Yet will he not retire.

The deep-red flame disclos'd the spot
Where rose the turfy mound—
Where ghastly wav'd the blasted oak,
And bones lay whitening round.

But now no more the hollow wind
In loud defiance spoke;
No lightning glar'd—nor following quick,
No crashing thunder broke.

But awful stillness through the air
Unwonted horrour shed—
Uncommon darkness wrapt the sky—
Young Elmer shook with dread!

Yet on with ardent haste he pass'd
To reach the crumbling mound;
But lo!—a sudden cavern yawn'd
Where late the rock had frown'd.

And in its deep sepulchral breast,
A trembling flame he spy'd,
Whose glare disclos'd a death-like form,
A dagger in his side!

All horrour-struck while Elmer gaz'd,
Slowly the figure rose,
And, by some power superiour, broke
The grave's profound repose.

In scaly armour dight the form
A martial semblance wore,
And down the shining metal flow'd
A stream of purple gore.

On Elmer now he bent his eye
With anxious looks of wo!
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice anew
The blood began to flow.

His voice was like the imprison'd fires
That rock the frighted ground;
And Elmer's soul recoil'd to hear
The deep and death-like sound!

"What can I do," appall'd he said,
"To give thy spirit rest!"—
"Avenge my death!" the spectre cry'd,
And bar'd his bleeding breast.

"On whom?—and why?"—the youth inquired.
"On Hubert of Leland,
And when thou strik'st his villain heart,
Say Egbert arm'd thy hand."

"How can I raise my arm," he said,
"Against my patron kind?
How can I bear to seek his life,
And hear no cause assign'd?"

"Blood calls for blood," the shade reply'd,
"I fell beneath his sword:
And justly thou mayst strike the blow—
Believe a father's word!"

"My father thou!" the youth exclaim'd;
But sudden from his view
The shade was vanish'd—in a flame
Of pale sulphureous blue.

Torn with impatience stood the knight,
His inmost soul on fire,
And with impetuous voice exclaim'd
Upon his vanish'd sire!

In vain he call'd—in vain he pray'd,
No sire appear'd again;
And early dawn began to gleam
Across the barren plain!

Back then to Hubert's proud abode
The youth his footsteps bent;
Yet to the ground his head declin'd
On wildering thoughts intent.

Strange was the tale, and strange the mean
By which the tale was told;
Yet it compell'd his faith, and all
His shivering blood ran cold!

"What means that pensive look of wo?"
Old Hubert kindly said;
"Say is thy cheek from anger pale,
Or else by fear dismay'd."

"No pallid rage," Sir Elmer said,
"Sits low'ring on my brow;
Nor is it fear!—I trust in heaven,
Fear I shall never know!"

He spake, and strove his head to raise,
And often strove to smile;
But tho' it dimpled on his cheek,
His bosom ach'd the while!

And when the gleam of evening shone
All radiant in the west,
Fair Emma met him in the bower,
An unexpected guest.

And much she try'd with soothing art
To win him from his wo;
But as he gaz'd upon the maid,
His bitter tears would flow!

"Vain are your soothings, lovely maid,
To ease this bursting heart;
And vain are all our vows of love—
We must forever part!"

"Alas, my Elmer, this from thee!"
The damsel faintly said;
"And are then all thy plighted vows
Forgotten or betray'd?"

"Oh never, never," sigh'd the youth,
"Can I inconstant be!
Sweet maid, this wretched heart would break,
To prove its truth to thee!

"But cruel duties now demand
My undivided soul;
Imperious duties, which my love
Must fatally control!"

Hubert's fair daughter vainly strove
The fatal tale to gain;
From Elmer's agonizing breast
No word could she obtain!

And when at night upon his couch
His feverish limbs he tost,
He felt his reason and his faith
In wild disorder lost.

"Can that be counsel just and good,
Which can such deeds require;

Which bids me seek my patron's life
And murder Emma's sire!

"It must not be!—Strange dream begone!
Some demon met my view,
And sought to lure me to my harm,
With visions most untrue!"

"No, Hubert, no!—thy Elmer's hand
Thy life shall never seek!
No, Emma, no!—no deed of mine
Shall bathe with tears thy cheek!"

Instant, beside his restless couch,
The martial shade appear'd!
And with a frown, his outstretch'd arm
In threatening guise uprear'd.

And on the hapless youth he cast
Dark furious looks of rage!
And Elmer sought, with earnest words
His anger to assuage!

"Take then this sword and plunge it deep
In Hubert's villain breast!
Thy father's blood has stain'd the blade!
Obey the stern behest!"

Vanish'd the spirit into air,
The sword remain'd behind,
And new and strong conviction gleam'd
Upon Sir Elmer's mind.

He rose and grasp'd the fatal steel,
And Hubert's chamber sought!
"What!—Shall I strike him as he sleeps?
Avaunt, unworthy thought!

"Yet, can I bear to hear him plead,
And beg his life of me?
Oh Hubert, Hubert! sooner far
Would I be slain by thee!"

But lo! the sight that met his eye!
Old Hubert, kneeling, pray'd
Before a marble tomb, where high
Was Egbert's name display'd!

The knight remain'd in silence near,
And mark'd his tears and sighs:
And answering floods of pity ran
Incessant from his eyes.

The baron rose, and wonder'd much
To see Sir Elmer stand,
Tears coursing down his face, and drawn
The weapon in his hand.

"Know'st thou this sword?" Sir Elmer said,
"Know'st thou this bloody stain?
'Tis Egbert's sword! 'tis Egbert's blood!
And thou hast Egbert slain!"

"Yes, heaven is just!" the baron cry'd,
"The chief was slain by me!
And willingly I yield my life,
Oh Egbert's son! to thee!

"Vain is the hope by ruthless deeds
To purchase wealth and peace!
Oh welcome, Death!—for this remorse
With thee alone shall cease!

"Yet ere I close my eyes for aye,
Let me my tale reveal!
And haply thy too pitying breast
To just revenge 'twill steel!

"Thy sire and I, in early youth,
For the same damsel strove;
I gain'd the wealthy sire's consent—
He won Eltruda's love!

"To him she gave her secret faith,
(Ah—could I bear to see!)
And shelter'd from her hostile sire,
She crown'd his hopes with thee!

"By passion stung, by envy fir'd,
I struck his kindred breast;
And of his consort and his lands
Became at once possess'd!

"Pitying I saw thy helpless youth,
And rear'd lost Egbert's son,
Yet would I ne'er thy name reveal,
Nor yield the wealth I'd won!

"Could I by such avowal blast
My long-establish'd fame?
Or such a direful stigma cast
On my unblemish'd name?

"Yet I design'd whene'r high heaven
Me to the grave should call,
To certify thy noble birth,
And yield thy treasures all!

"But yet thy father's angry spirit
Oft hovers o'er my bed,
And sheds alarming visions round,
And shakes my soul with dread.

"And fair Eltruda sunk beneath
The unexpected blow;
And died in beauty's early prime,
A victim to her wo!

"Yet, ere she died, alas!—to me
One darling child she bore!
My Emma is my only bliss!
Say, need I tell thee more?"

"Oh no!" the trembling youth exclaim'd,
"Live, Hubert, live in peace!
'Tis I must seek the grave, for there
Alone my woes can cease!

"Oh Emma! lovely, lov'd, ador'd!
Forgive this impious sigh!
Sister! forgive my guilty love!
For thee!—for thee!—I die!"

He rais'd aloft the shining blade,
And on his sire he cried!
Then in his bosom plung'd the steel,
And in a moment—DIED!

*For The Port Folio.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*J. CONRAD & Co. propose to publish by subscription, an elegant work, entitled MEMOIRS OF ANACREON, translated from the original Greek of* CRITIAS *of Athens, by* CHARLES SEDLEY, *Esq. in including the ODES OF ANACREON, from the version of* THOMAS MOORE, *Esq.*

CRITIAS of Athens pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of ANACREON, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικωνη περοπευμα.

Τον δε γυναικειων μελεων πληξαυλα πολ' ωδας,
'Ηδυν Ανακρεοντα, Τεως εις Ελλαδ' ανηγεν,
Συμποσιων εριθισμα, γυναικων μηπεροπευμα.

Teios gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving.
MOORE'S ANAC. p. 298.

The version of the Odes of Anacreon, with which the literary world has recently been favoured, has revived the pleasure which the melody of the lyrist once excited on the plains of Greece, and extended the reputation of his translator to every country where classical learning is venerated, and the genuine effusions of the poet find a congenial glow. To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esq. we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast. The authour of the present work is aware that he speaks at a time unpropitious to the fame of Moore. He knows that the indignation of some, and the mortification of others, have been strongly excited by a volume published by him since his visit to this country. But his translation of Anacreon has no relation to the *remarks* contained in his "Epistles, Odes, &c." To his brilliant genius as a poet, and his ability as a translator, repeated editions and reiterated applause bear ample testimony; and, by adopting his version of Anacreon, the authour at once gratifies the feelings of personal friendship, and pays that tribute of respect, which is so justly due to his unrivalled excellence.

The design of this work was conceived during the transient visit which Mr. Moore paid to this city in the summer of 1804. A biographical sketch of the life of Anacreon, formed upon the ingenious plan of the Abbé Barthèlemy, appeared to the authour as one which offered a fertile source of amusement, and the prosecution of it was embraced with that ardour which is incident to the schemes of a youthful enthusiast. It was communicated to Moore during one of those festive nights, which he has remembered in a manner not less honourable to himself than grateful to his friends. His approbation was expressed in a manner which was prompt, warm, and flattering. But the authour did not advert to the impropriety of forsaking that "deep well," which my Lord Coke has dug for his "good sons," to wander amid the alluring bowers of ancient Greece, though Genius there had delighted to hold her seat, and Imagination there had whispered her sweetest inspirations. Such considerations, however, did intrude, when the fervour of literary emulation had subsided, and Reason had resumed her sway. The work was a long time abandoned, and perhaps never would have been submitted to publick inspection, had not the partiality of a few friends flattered *the very credulous* authour into an opinion, that a continuation would be not wholly unworthy of publick perusal.*

The authour will make no apology for the offences he has committed against the regularity of chronology. If laborious commentators can gravely and ingeniously dispute whether Sappho danced to the voluptuous cadence of the lyre of Anacreon, or whether an entire century intervened between

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* A part of the Memoirs of Anacreon, with an introductory letter addressed to a literary friend, was published in *The Port Folio* for the past year. Those pages may convey a more accurate idea of the nature and plan of the work than can here be attempted.

the period of their births, he surely may be pardoned, who suffers Anacreon to write an epitaph upon Plato, or criticise the *Poeticks* of Aristotle. Some of these anachronisms were intentional, in order to afford suitable topicks for the conversation of a scholar, and others were the consequence of carelessness. The work is a fiction, intended to illustrate ancient manners, and, by making the Odes of Anacreon more familiar, to render, if possible, the popularity of a friend more extensive. To these motives, if the criticks add, as it is supposed it must be conceded, some little admixture of personal vanity, they have all the motives of this undertaking, and they may make such use of the declaration as justice and liberality may suggest. That the volumes were written during occasional intervals of business or study, may operate upon the clemency of some readers; and that they were almost concluded before the time which the law terms *the years of discretion*, might be added as a stronger claim upon the favour of the candid, did not the authour fear the retort of some sarcastick critick, that *the fact appeared upon the showing of his record*. But the just severity of criticism admits of no pleas in extenuation of negligence or imperfection. It is necessary to the integrity of literature, that every writer be judged with strictness and impartiality, and that his judges be neither awed by the imposing noise of a dedication, nor seduced by the smooth flatteries of a preface. The present writer respectfully presents himself at the seat of this tribunal, with no arrogant pretensions to distinction: he offers his labours with very humble expectations, as the innocent, and perhaps not entirely useless amusement of a youthful mind, which preferred literary exertion to listless or frivolous inactivity, when compelled to intermit its attentions to professional occupation. It was pleasant to cheer the gloom of a solitary chamber, by revisiting, with the excursive eye of Imagination, the climes that are distant, and to recount the days that have rolled by: to survey the enamelled plains where the voice of *true* patriotism was heard, and where Apollo taught the rudiments of his art: to stray on the banks of Ilyssus and listen to the musick of Anacreon, or hang over the Leucadian mount and drop a tear to the memory of the Lesbian maid. By such arts, the slow foot of Time moves unperceived, and we only awake from the pleasing vision when some sad realities affright the phantoms of fancy from the enchanted bower, and "too feelingly remind us what we are." Such are the pleasures of the recluse, at the "solemn noon of night," and they are not undelightful!

—— When the lamps expiring yield to rest,
And solitude returns, gladly I quit
The noisy mansions, and, attentive, mark
the palmy groves
Resounding once with Plato's voice,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; the vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospects vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens
tow'rs,
The blissful scenes where clear Ilyssus rolls
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding
marge
The thick-wove laurel shades, and roseate
morn
Pours all her splendours on th' empurpled
scene.

The impressive voice of Experience will soon testify how far the credulity of Ambition can be realized by the sanction of Truth. The aspiring hope with which literary eminence has always elevated him, has strewn many a flower over a path of difficulties and dangers, and led him, in the reveries of fancy, to a palace of delights, where, as he has surveyed the precipice that surrounds it, he has ventured to exclaim with the enraptured artist, *Ed io anche son Pittore*.

*April* 14, 1807.

This work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, and will be published in two neat crown octavo volumes, ornamented with likenesses of Anacreon, and Moore. Price to subscribers 2 dollars 50 cents per volume.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

---

When I was last at G—, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge. This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G—; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—"Do you not think," said I, "that people may live very happy in that country?" Mais—pour cela, oui, Monsieur." (But yes truly, Sir.) "Do you think then they are happy?" "Pour cela, non, Monsieur," (no indeed Sir.) "Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?" "Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple." (Yes Sir, it is quite plain.) "Pray what is the reason they are not happy?" "C'est qu'ils ne sont pas destinés á l'étre." (Because they are not destined to be so.)

"Did you ever see," said I, "an Englishman who might pass for a Frenchman?" "Jamais de ma vie, Monsieur," (never in my life) replied he with an accent of astonishment.

"Suppose him," said I, "a man of quality?" "N'importe." (It matters not.)

"But," continued I, "suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well-made, that he had been educated by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French taylors, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris."—"C'est beaucoup, Monsieur, mais ce n'est pas assez." (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

"What," exclaimed I, "would you still know him to be an Englishman?" "Assurément, Monsieur." (Most assuredly, Sir.)

"What, before he spoke?"—"Au premier coup d'œil. (At the first glance, Sir.)

"The devil you would; but how?" "C'est que messieurs les Anglois ont un air—une manière de se presenter—un—que sai—je moi—Vous m'entendez bien, Monsieur, un certain air si gau—" (Because English gentlemen have an air of countenance—a manner of presenting themselves—a—what do I know—you understand me—a countenance so awk—).

"What air, fellow?" "enfin, un air qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur," said he rapidly, "mais que le diable m'emporte, si c'est l'air François." (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me if it is a French air.)

*Dr. Moore.*

---

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Today the sun with cloudless ray,
Beams joy and happiness around;
Tomorrow winds tempestuous play,
And sleet deforms the frozen ground.
Such is the doom to man assign'd;
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today the genial zephyrs breathe,
The fragrance of the opening year;
Tomorrow sees the barren heath,
And vegetation disappear.
Such is the fate of human kind,
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today the sun of pleasure smiles,
Youth, Joy and Beauty, deck the scenes,
The magick wand of Hope beguiles,
And not a dark cloud intervenes;
Such is the view to youth assign'd,
Such the delusion of the mind.
Tomorrow disappointment lowers,
Care's canker gnaws the aching breast,
Regret each passing moment sours,
Or Sorrow rears her gorgon crest:
Such is the doom to man assign'd;
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today deceitful Fortune wears

The gladd'ning smile of Joy and Peace;
We seek not Sorrow's hidden snares,
That soon may bid our pleasures cease;
Our prospects fair and unconfin'd
Yield sweet contentment to the mind.
Tomorrow wears another face;
And dark'ning clouds obscure the view;
In vain the past scenes we retrace,
Or strive the future to pursue:
But dreary are the thoughts assign'd,
To occupy the gloomy mind.
Today then let us all prepare
For what the morrow may produce:
Tomorrow be our chiefest care,
To put each hour to proper use:
Move in the sphere by Heaven design'd,
And regulate the wandering mind.

—

An untimely shower or an unseasonable drought; a frost too long continued, or too suddenly broken up, with rain and tempest; the blight of the spring or the smut of the harvest; will do more to cause the distress of the belly, than all the contrivances of all statesmen can do to relieve it. Let government protect and encourage industry, secure property, repress violence, and discountenance fraud, it is all that they have to do. In other respects the less they meddle in these affairs the better; the rest is in the hands of our master and theirs. We are in a constitution of things wherein —"*Modo sol nimius, modo corripuit imber.*"

—

*From Lady Manners's Review of Poetry—addressed to her son.*

Object of my fondest care,
'Mid whose gay and childish air,
Pleas'd Attention can descry
Reason's dawning brightness nigh;
While she, with delighted view,
Marks the cheek of rosy hue,
Marks thine eye, whose vivid light
Shines than orient gems more bright;
Marks thy brows serenely bold,
Crown'd with locks of waving gold;
While an inexpressive CHARM,
More than features, more than FORM,
Which no pencil e'er could trace,
Heightens every infant grace.
Twice three Summers now have shed
Their warm sunbeams o'er thy head,
Summers, fraught with anxious fears
To Reflection's riper years:
While o'er Europe's wasted lands
Discord hurls her flaming brands,
And her rugged arms embrace
Gallia's sanguinary race,
Fixing in each savage mind
Hatred to the human kind—
Pale Experience all aghast,
Reads the future in the past,
And amidst impending gloom,
Trembles for the nation's doom.
Thee, lov'd boy, no cares molest,
Shade thy brow or heave thy breast;
Or if cares should discompose,
Like the dew-drop on the rose,
Or like clouds before the wind,
Light, they leave no trace behind,
Genuine delights are thine,
Mirth and innocence divine,
Cherub Health of florid hue,
Quick Surprize forever new,
Frolick Fancy, gay and free,
Gilds the rapid hours for thee.
Happy age, to grief unknown!
Happy age, but quickly flown!
Soon thy sports thou must resign,
Studious labour then is thine;
Far from every youthful play
Grave Instruction points thy way:
Science, rich in ancient store,
Spreads for thee her classick lore;
Armed with magisterial rage
Pedants guard the mystick page,
Urging on thy tardy flight
To Distinction's steepy height.
Rough is Learning's arduous road,
Yet with brightest flow'rets strow'd,
Flowrets, mid the waste of Time,
Blooming in eternal prime.

—

*When first from Kilkenny.*

TUNE—What can the matter be.

When first from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,
The girls of our village all swore I was crazy;
Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never be aisy,
If once, joy, I came in her way.
And it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter be;
Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there could never be,
For at romps, faith, I spent the whole day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, sir,
As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day, sir,
I strove to speak to her, but nothing could say, sir,
But phililu, what is't I ail!
And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
The neighbours all laughing, cri'd....What can the matter be?
Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-gang assail'd me;
And though I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel soon nail'd me;

Genteel by the collar along the streets trail'd me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.
(Speaks)....*Where they left me, and half a dozen more, poked up in a hencoop, all alone by myself singing*
Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
Oh, mucha wack, honey, what can the matter be?
But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe return'd from sea;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

—

PROLOGUE,

To the Farce of Mr. H. lately performed at New-York, written by the Authour, and spoken by Mr. Elliston.

If we have sinned in paring down a name,
All civil well bred authours do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers—
You'll find that some Initials are great fighters—
How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
Cross Captain X. and rough old General Z.
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms.
Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,
That grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the publick lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a failing,
And loses half its grossness by curtailing;
*Faux pas* are told us in a modest way—
*The affair of Col.* B. *with Mrs.* A.
You must excuse them—for what is there, say,
Which such a pliant vowel must not grant,
To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who poetick justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife's a *liquid*—her good man a *mute?*
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials I am told have taken place,
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old fashion'd race:
And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,
Replies, "I'll come——but it don't rest with me—
"I always leave them things to Mrs. C."
Oh should this mincing practice ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would Ambition sigh and hang her head,
As each lov'd syllable should melt away,
Her Alexander turn'd into great A——
A single C her Cæsar to express——
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S.
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H.

A new weekly paper on an improved and liberal plan is announced at OXFORD, under the title of *The Oxford University and City Herald, and Midland County Chronicle*, with the ADMIRABLE MOTTO of *Pro REGE, Lege, Aris et Focis.* This makes the 203d weekly *provincial* publication in Great-Britain and Ireland, of each of which one thousand copies are sold on *the average.* At sixpence each paper the annual return to the proprietors is 263,000*l.*; and, at the duty of three pence half penny per paper, they yield to the state 154,000 *l.* per ann. Each paper contains also an average of *forty* advertisements, yielding to the proprietors, at seven shillings each, the sum of 147,784*l.* per ann., and the duty, at three shillings per advertisement, yields to the state 63,336 *l.* per annum. Such are the wonders of one department only of the BRITISH periodical press.

—

TO THE DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

O thou more bright, more cheering to our eyes,
Than the young beams that warm the dawning skies,
Hast thou not heard the weeping nurse relate
The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate?
How, as the bards of ancient days have sung,
While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung,
Enamour'd he his lovely form survey'd,
And died at length the victim of a shade.
Sweet! do not thou a like misfortune prove,
O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love!
No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling blaze.
Hide, hide that breast so snowy fair:
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair;
And oh! those eyes of radiant ruin hide,
Brilliant as sunbeams dancing on the tide;
Hide the fair lids where their soft glories roll,
Darting their tender glances to the soul.

Hide the twin berries of thy lips perfume,
Their breathing fragrance, and their deepening bloom;
Thy lip, whose sounds such raptures can impart,
Whose words of sweetness sink into the heart;
Hide those fair cheeks, that glow like radiant morn,
When Sol's bright rays the blushing East adorn;

No more to thy incautious sight display'd,
Be that dear form in every grace array'd:
The rosy finger's tapering charms;
The slender hand, the snowy arms;
The little foot so soft, so fair;
The timid step, the modest air;
No more their graces let thine eye pursue,
But hide, oh hide the peril from thy view.
Against thy own attractions steel thy heart,
And fear no wound from Cupid's idle dart;
For thee while all the youths of Erin sigh,
And wounded by thy thrilling eyebeam die,
Peace shall within thy gentle bosom reign,
Their love unpitied and unheard their strain.

## MERRIMENT.

When Kelly was engaged to compose the musick for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green-room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the authour. "Then," retorted Jack Bannister, "he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it, by giving him *his notes*."

—

On the trial of a cause in the court of common pleas, Mr. Serjeant Vaughan having, in the course of the examination of a witness, asked a question rather of law than fact, Lord Eldon, then chief justice, very good-humouredly observed, "brother Vaughan, this is not quite fair; you wish the witness to give you for *nothing* what you would not give him for *two guineas*."

—

On a publick rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a quaker's windows in Cheapside, stopped to expostulate with them for their cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed; on which Mr. deputy Birch, who happened to be near, replied, "That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *panes*."

—

Mr. Sheridan was in company where a piece of curious mechanism in ivory was produced for inspection: it was of such delicate workmanship, that it could scarcely be touched without fear of breaking it. "For my part," said Mr. Sheridan, "I don't like any thing of such very delicate structure." Just at this moment the late Mrs. Robinson entered the room. She had heard Mr. Sheridan's observation, which he perceiving, added—"I don't say so, however, of you, madam."

—

Lord Thurlow was one day riding along with a farmer at Dulwich, of whom he used to take some notice and consult about agricultural matters: when the farmer ventured to ask how politicks were. "Damn politicks!" said he, "I hate them." Soon after this, his lordship asked the farmer what he thought of a field of wheat they were passing—"*Damn farming!*" replied he, "*I hate it.*"

—

Sir John Carter, when Mayor of Portsmouth, was knighted by His Majesty at the naval review; he unluckily stumbled as he was rising from his knee: upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologised to the King, by saying, "Your Majesty has *loaded* me with so much honour, that I cannot well *stand under it*."

—

The criminal executioner, commonly called Jack Ketch, was lately summoned to the court of requests, by the landlord of a publick-house in the Old Bailey, for a beer-score; and on being asked how he could pay it, the fellow scratched his head, and replied, that *business* was very bad of late, they having sent so many of his *customers* to Botany Bay; and really he could not say how he could pay it; but, *if so be as how* the gentleman pleased, he had no objection to *work it out for him*, or *any of his family*."

—

An old gentleman who used to frequent the Chapter Coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly one day he took an opportunity of asking Dr. Buchan, who sat in the same box with him, what he should

take for such a complaint? "I'll tell you," said the doctor, "you should *take advice.*"

—

Mr. Cobbet, well known by the name of Peter Porcupine, speaking of the concoction of that *thing of shreds and patches*, the Addington ministry, observed, that "It was only a second *conspiracy* among the *journeymen* CABINET-*makers.*"

—

Dr. R. maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," said Mr. Canning, "is literally *making a virtue of necessity.*"

—

On four windows in succession, on the ground floor of a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window tax in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks which denoted where the windows *had* been, *Pitt's works, vol.* 1, *vol.* 2, *vol.* 3, *vol.* 4.

—

Mr. Jekyll, on a bill being introduced into the House of Commons to prevent the foundation of nunneries in England, and another in the House of Lords to prevent the rapid progress of adultery, wrote the following epigram:

The choice severe the ladies fair
In vain deplore in tears;
"*No nuns,*" the House of Commons cry;
"*No w*——," the House of Peers.

—

Wewitzer going to order some candles, told the tallow-chandler that he hoped they would be better than the last he had from him. "I beg pardon, sir," said the man, "I thought the last I sent you were remarkably good; what was their fault?" "Why, they all burnt very well down to the middle, but after that, none of them would burn *any longer.*"

—

An officer in Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking him, when he was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy? "No," replied the brave veteran, "*it will be time enough to do that when we have made them strike.*"

—

John Philip Kemble, one evening performing *Romeo*, in the scene with the *apothecary*, gave *a new reading*, and instead of calling out, "*What, hoa, apothecary!*" in a strong voice, rather *whispered* the words. The gentleman who enacted the meagre apothecary, not being apprised of this, when *he* made his *entre'*, asked as usual, "Who calls so *loud?*" This threw the audience into a little confusion, and rather disconcerted the performers.

—

A man who wished to pass for a capital painter, told Mr. Barry that he was going to white-wash his room, and then to paint it. "Paint it first, and afterwards white-wash it," was the laconick advice of the blunt painter.

—

Lord O. saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding, "Now, My Lord," said the Countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason *you never play deep.*"

—

Jack Bannister seeing Suett, one night, behind the scenes, when dressed for his part, with something under his cloak, asked him what it was: "A poinard," answered he; but Jack, observing that it was a bottle, took it from him, and having drank the contents, returned it to Suett, saying, "There, I give you the scabbard back again."

—

Mr. Sheridan, on seeing Charles Fox with Mrs. Robinson in her carriage, wittily observed, "That the connexion was perfectly natural; for the *man of the people*, and no other, should be cicisbeo to the *woman of the people.*"

—

In a conversation one day in a mixed company, it was observed, that the love of mankind in general extinguished in the heart the love of one's country. The late Mrs. Robinson said,

she denied the truth of this assertion: "For," said she, "I am a very good Englishwoman, and yet I sincerely feel for the happiness of all mankind." "Yes," said Lord John Townshend, "I believe, madam, that your *bust* is a *patriot*, but the rest of your person is *a citizen of the world*."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TO MY MUSE.

What shall I do to gain the poet's fire,
And learn with skilful hand to strike the lyre?
To sing in artless notes the tuneful lay,
That holds, where'er 'tis heard, its powerful sway?

Oh! let me catch wild Fancy's brightest beams
To gild with gayest tints my varied themes;
And let not Genius blush with shame to own,
The lowly labours of th' ambitious son.

If with heroick deeds my breast be fir'd,
Be then my pen by every muse inspir'd;
And when with tears I sing the tale of wo,
May my rude lines the feeling bosom show.

But when I dare with soft and feeble voice,
To sing of joy to youthful Love's first choice;
Teach me the happy art that can control
Her every wish, to move at will, her soul.

While to her list'ning ear the musick plays,
On her fair form let me enraptur'd gaze;
And then with Love's admiring eye pursue
Each new-born beauty starting into view.

Let her not bid me drink of Lethe's stream,
Nor on Parnassus' flowery mountain dream;
For no command can force me to forget
When first for her my heart's wild pulses beat.

'Twas when the flow'rs did shed their spring perfume,
And fields were smiling in their brightest bloom;
Cheer'd by the scene, the birds with rapture sung,
And with their notes the fresh-clad branches rung.

Hard by a stream with careless steps I stray'd,
And on its banks I saw a slumb'ring maid;
O ever blessed be that happy hour,
For then I felt the force of Cupid's pow'r.

Ye Gods, what raptures did within me rise
When she unclos'd her humid sparkling eyes!
May that green spot with roses sweet be strew'd,
Where first the slumb'ring maid so fair I view'd!

But why need I the tale of love prolong?
Since then, to her I've tun'd my daily song;
Yet all in vain—no vows can move the fair,
And all my hopes must sink in sad despair!

SEDLEY.

*For The Port Folio.*

### Addressed to EMMA.

Give back the vows so oft I've made,
My oaths of truth restore,
With coldness be my love repaid,
And smile, my girl! no more.
Say you resign each thought of me,
(But say it with a tear);
Say, you restore my liberty,
(But seem not too sincere).

Think'st thou I'd break the pleasing chain,
That binds to thee my heart?
From the delicious soothing pain,
Think'st thou I'd ever part?
Ah no! the only chain I wear
Is form'd of purest gold;
It has no weight, it brings no care,
Save, when my Emma's cold.

The smile of innocence that plays
Around thy ruby lips,
The Sylph that o'er thine eye-lid strays,
And there contentment sips;
Serve but as heralds to proclaim,
Thy beauties unreveal'd;
Serve but the fancy to inflame,
With greater charms conceal'd.

My faith then Emma, do not fear,
Believe me ever true,
The heart you once suppos'd sincere,
Still beats alone for you.

PHILARIO.

### TO LEYRIDA.

AIR: High o'er the grave, &c.

When Cupid all our thoughts enchains,
And Grief bedims the joyless eye;
The Muses kindly whisper strains,
Which sing that Hope shall never die.

They bid their vot'ry string his lyre,
And tell the joys from love that flow;
Or rouse the poet's lambent fire,
To sing the pains of ling'ring wo.

Lo! how the chords obedient move,
For Love has tun'd the willing strings:
The Sylphids round him lightly rove,
And fan him with their goss'mer wings.

They place before his raptur'd eyes
The form of her who won his heart;
Each little Sylph around him flies,
And whispers they shall never part.

Ah, ye deceitful dreams! no more
Shall ye beguile the lonely hour;
In other climes I'll soon explore
Those placid skies that never low'r.

Too long has Fancy's dazzling ray
With meteor glare deceiv'd my eye;
Too long has sung the cheating lay
That told me Hope should never die!

SEDLEY.

---

*For The Port Folio.*

### LINES, IMPROMPTU,

By the late I. M. Brimmer, Esq. addressed to Miss R. H———n, upon hearing her sing and seeing her dance.

Amid the throng, by elegance refin'd,
Where Fashion reigns, and Taste improves the mind;
Gay, lovely nymph, thy polish'd charms impart
New grace to life, and rapture to the heart.
The *Syrens* warble not a sweeter song;
*Sylphs* envy while you lead the dance along.
At thy nativity, bright *Hesper* shone;
The *Loves* and *Graces* mark'd thee for their own.

*Philad. March* 30, 1807.

---

*For The Port Folio.*

Is it true that Eliza, no more,
By her presence our fields will adorn?
Has she gone, and left me to deplore,
The dear object, I ever must mourn?
Yes indeed! the sad tidings are true,
For, their truth, my soul's anguish declares,
To our vales she has bidden adieu,
And resisted the tenderest pray'rs.

For Eliza I search in the grove,
Or along by the rivulet's side,
O'er the meadow of willows I rove,
And thro' close-woven thickets I glide.
In her favourite walks now I roam,
Now reecho the woods with her name,
Kind relief then I seek for at home,
But my sorrow continues the same.

I'll encircle my temples with green,
On my bosom green leaves will I wear,
Not a colour but that shall be seen,
'Tis the emblem of deepest despair.
All lamenting, I know is in vain,
Yet I can't but give vent to my grief,
'Tis a soothing of wo, to complain,
That affords me a transient relief.

SELIM.

---

### EPITAPHS.

Here lies *William Hiseland;*
A veteran, if ever soldier was;
Who merited well a pension,
If long service be a merit;
Having served upwards of the days of man;
Ancient, but not superanuated:
Engaged in a series of wars,
Civil as well as foreign,
Yet not maimed or worn out by either,
His complexion was fresh and florid,
His health hail and hearty,
His memory exact and ready.
In stature
He exceeded the military size;
In strength
He surpassed the prime of youth!
And,
What rendered his age still more patriarchal,
When above a hundred years old,
He took unto him a wife.
Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect,
That there is a spiritual warfare
As well as a warfare temporal.
Born the 1st August, 1620, died the 16th February, 1732, aged 112.

---

On one named JOHN.*

Death came to *John*,
And whisper'd in his ear,
You must die *John*;
*D'ye hear?*

Quoth *John* to Death,
The news is bad:
*No matter*, quoth Death,
*I've said.*

---

* It was his usual custom in company, when he told them any thing, to ask *d'ye hear?* and if any said he did not hear him, *John* would reply, *no matter, I've said.*

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